



Witch Magic 3: The Mating

By MicheleBardsley

Chapter 1

The storm poured its wrath into the forest with an unexpected fury. Sage Thorne hugged her basket filled with carefully picked plants and herbs, and looked for shelter. When she'd ventured into theDarkForest a couple of hours ago, the sky had been blue and cloudless, the sun shining bright and hot.

Deep in the forest where light

barely penetrated and rare medicinal plants flourished, she hadn't noticed the gray clouds gathering or the coolness stealing through the trees.

The booming thunder warned her too late. Now, she was soaked, lost, and worried. Then she spotted the cave. She crept close, listening for the sounds of animals, but realized none scurried about. If a wolf or other creature had made its home in the dank space, it had left long ago.

She crawled inside and leaned against the rocky wall. Her entire body was chilled and trembling. Putting down the basket filled with its precious contents, she rolled into a little ball and tried to warm herself. I should start a fire, but there probably isn't a vent hole.

Too miserable to give in to exhaustion, she crawled around the interior. The cave was maybe ten feet deep and maybe as much wide. She had no idea how high the ceiling went, but she could stand up. Of course, she was only five feet tall so she didn't need a lot of stand-up room.

No fire, darn it. The smoke would suffocate me.

Her only option was to wait out the storm, then hurry home to take a hot bath and a long nap. Seeking more warmth, she burrowed her hands into the wet leaves and stone-filled dirt. Her fingers grazed against an odd, bumpy object. Curious, she dug it out, amazed to find a bejeweled gold locket.

"How long have you been here?" she murmured. Even with mud and leaves covering it, she could see the heart shape. Walking to the edge of the cave, she stuck it outside and let the hard rain wash it clean. Her hand felt frozen, but the uncomfortable sensation was worth getting a good look at her newfound treasure.

Yes, it was a gold heart on a heavy gold chain. Around the heart's edge were alternating jewels of diamond, ruby, sapphire, and emerald. She wasn't psychic like her sister Ginger, and she hadn't been blessed with the same kind of magic power her sister Rosemary wielded. But she knew, somehow, the locket was very old. It was also beautiful and, though she had little experience with pricing objects of value, she suspected it was worth a pretty penny.

In the middle of the heart two words were etched: For Love.

“Who did you belong to?” she wondered aloud. “If I open you, will I find the pictures of lovers who shared a life of joy?”

Sage thought about Nadrin, the half-elf she’d met at Ginger’s twenty-first birthday party -- almost two years ago. She was about to turn twenty-one herself. Soon, she would graduate from the Healing Centre and begin her apprenticeship with Lady Mavis. But, though she would certainly find a fulfilling career as a healer, she didn’t think she’d be as successful in the relationship department.

Oh, Nadrin. He had been very patient with her... for a while. His frustration with her painful shyness, with her inexperience, and especially with her inability to feel anything sensual had driven him away. She’d allowed no other to court her. Men want sex. Not love. Or maybe they can’t separate sex from love. Maybe I shouldn’t, either.

With a sigh, she opened the locket. To her disappointment, both sides of the picture frames were empty. How symbolic. A gorgeous heart devoid of life, of joy. Like Nadrin.

Doubt nibbled away at her self-confidence. Maybe she should have just shut her eyes and allowed Nadrin his pleasures. If she’d let him explore her body, he might have found the one thing that turned her cold responses into the hot reactions he’d wanted from her.

What the -- Sage looked down at the locket and gasped. It glowed brightly. Goddess above! Heat emanated from it. With a squeak of dismay, she dropped the necklace and scrambled to the mouth of the cave.

The rain beat a heavy rhythm outside; the wet smell of earth and moldy leaves infiltrated her senses. Would the storm never let up?

Before she could decide to stay or to go, purple smoke rolled up from the locket. When it cleared, a tall, handsome, well-muscled, and very naked man stood two feet away. His hair, varied hues of violet, flowed down his back. His purple gaze settled on Sage, and his sensual full mouth hitched into the sexiest grin she’d ever seen. “My beautiful mistress,” he said in a reverent baritone. “What is your wish?”

“Whoa.” Sage edged away until she felt stinging, cold rain pelt her back. Holding onto the rough wall of the cave, she debated which was worse -- going into the Dark Forest at nightfall in a thunderstorm or staying in a cave with a gorgeous idiot blathering about wishes. She’d heard of nymphs, but never met one. Just her luck she would find the one cave in the forest that housed such a creature.

“Loveliest of blossoms --”

“Oh, please! Do women really fall for that tripe?” His violet brows rose in surprise. “You don’t like flattery?”

“Of course, I do. I’m a girl. But empty words mean nothing. Only the most heartfelt phrases should be uttered.”

He chuckled. “You are a romantic, Sage Thorne.” “How do you know my name?”

“I am told the secrets of the one who opens the locket.” He stepped forward. “I know what you want, Sage. You need only to voice it and I will give it to you.”

“I know the folly of wishes.” She shooed him, flapping her hands as if doing so would dispel him from the cave. “I don’t want your tender traps. Go away.”

“I cannot. You opened the locket. I must fulfill your carnal wish.” “C-carnal?” She gaped at him. “You mean...sex?”

He bowed. “My name isRavin Cross. I was cursed into the locket by a vengeful witch-maiden. For five-hundred years, I have obeyed the whims of my mistresses and masters.”

“Fine.I wish you free.”

“That is not possible.” His gaze locked onto hers. “I can give you great pleasure, my beautiful Sage.”

“Would you stop it?” She glared at him, stepping into the cave just enough to get away from the rain. “How do you break the curse?”

“You do not.” He rose to his full height. “I find you so charming, Sage.So pretty. Please... let me show you my prowess in bed. You will not be disappointed.”But you would. Sage couldn’t help but look

at his impressive genitals. His cock was huge. That thing would never fit inside her. What am I saying? That I want it inside

me? She pushed away even the barest consideration of such an act. No. She did not want Ravin Cross or his curse.

He saw the direction of her stare and smiled. "Your pussy would welcome my cock, I promise you. I can do no less than give you pleasure. Please, Sage. Share with me your desires."

Sage blushed, looking at the ground. "I won't have sex with you," she said. "But I will help you break the curse."

Ravin sighed heavily and crossed his arms. "I have been searching for a release spell for longer than you have been alive." For an instant, his eyes showed his rage, his desperation. Then the clever smile curled his lips again. "My life is simple. I sleep until I am called. It has been more than a hundred years since I have had the honor of bringing such a beauty to orgasm."

Sage rolled her eyes. "So, you're horny and since I'm the one standing here, I'll do?" She heard the bitterness in her voice and flinched. "Sorry. You're the one with a

curse. I shouldn't..." She shrugged away the rest of the words, unable to articulate them.

He looked at her, his gaze thoughtful. She watched his stance change. The air around him seemed to electrify. Something dark and hot filled his gaze as he sauntered toward her. Pure seduction.

"Wait. Just...wait." Her heart hammered fiercely. She couldn't deny that Ravin was gorgeous. And truth be told, he probably knew exactly how to melt her coldness. He surely knew how to make her burn. Oh, to feel the heat of desire!

"You can't hide from me." His smooth, deep voice slid over her like incandescent silk. She felt wrapped in it, consumed by it. "I know what you want. Admit it to yourself. Admit it to me."

She shook her head, her body trembling. An unfamiliar feeling sparked in her belly, a low flame stoked by his sensual stroll, his smoky words, his I-want-you gaze. Such a gorgeous liar you are, Ravin Cross.

“What if I wished you to have sex with someone else?” Then he could make love to another willing woman and leave her alone.

He shook his head. “You opened the locket, Sage. I can only sleep with you.” “Well, what if I watched?”

His slow grin made the heavy heat trapped in her belly flare brightly. Her breath quickened as he stood scant inches from her, daring her to resist him.

“Ah, a voyeur.” He didn’t touch her. No, he tormented her with that -- that look. His gaze was purple flame. Oh Goddess. What promises he made with those eyes. And she was weakening.

“Are you saying that one of your fantasies is to watch me pleasure another woman?” He tilted his head. “You want me to hold another woman in my arms and remove her clothes? Mmm. I would touch her everywhere with my hands and with my tongue. I would stroke her soft skin until she writhed and moaned and begged.”

Sage stood mute, her heart trilling to the low, hot sound of his words. “Yes, my lovely mistress. For you, I would suck her nipples until they ached.

And while I played with her breasts, I would put my fingers into her tight... juicy... cunt.”

The gasp escaped her knotted throat. Wild need thrummed in her groin. Even when his eyes flickered with triumph, she couldn’t stop responding to the images he painted.

“I would make her slick for me, slick for my cock.” He leaned down, his mouth so close to hers that she felt his breath ghost over her lips. “Would you watch while I slid inside her, my lovely one? Would you watch while I fucked her, bringing her to pleasure again and again?”

Her breath stalled in her lungs, her heart fluttering like a bird trying to escape its gilded cage. “Ravin...”

“Do you want me to do those things to another woman?” His eyes flared with challenge. “Or shall I do them to you?”

Chapter 2

RavinCross stared at the lovely woman as her expressive face ran the gamut of emotions. He'd seen the lust flicker in her green eyes, and he recognized the loneliness she harbored. Naïve, this one. She had offered to break his curse -- and she would. He would be free... and she would be in the locket.

She looked at him, her green eyes wide. Remorse flickered in those mossy depths. Hmmm. She wanted him, but she would not take him. He knew the signs of a woman's desire. Why could she not enjoy what he could offer?

Ah. Why not indeed?

Gathering his sex magic and readying his seductive skills, Ravin pulled her into his arms. His kiss was not a gentle supplication, but a conquering of her mouth. Her tongue retreated from his, but he gave her no recourse. She would surrender.

The sex magic tingled around him, expectant and ready. Ever-so-slowly, he unleashed its power. Soon, they were both enveloped in a sparkling purple cloud.

Heat. Need. Lust.

An ancient rhythm undulated throughout their bodies. The primal call was mindless. It hungered for pleasure. Ravin shuddered as the magic wound through him and his mistress. Be mine, little witch.

He knew the moment her resistance broke. With a ragged exhalation, her fingers dug into his shoulders as she desperately met his expert plundering. He sucked her tongue into his mouth, flicking, swirling. She tasted like raspberries, ripe and sweet. She

groaned and he swallowed the sound, triumphant.

She rubbed against his chest. The plain blue material of her simple dress was too thin to hide the hardness of her nipples. He clawed at the garment's edge. He stopped kissing her long enough to strip off all her insidious clothing and toss 'em to the cave floor.

Thunder rumbled, offering primordial music to the two lovers. The crashing rain seemed to echo their frantic movements. Ravin knew his impetuosity centered on the end of his servitude, but what was the reason for Sage's frenzy? He sensed her capitulation was more than surrendering to mere lust.

Her hands were everywhere on him, touching, stroking. His ability to think faded and Ravin was immersed in her smell, her taste, her touch. Her lips dragged across his throat, tasting his collarbone before swiping the contours of his pectorals.

Desire thudded in his heart, in his cock. Oh yes, he knew well the intensity of sexual need. Over the last five hundred years, he had felt that sensual ache for many lovers. Rich, poor, tall, short, plump, thin, married, single... blondes, brunettes, redheads... now, all faceless, all wisps of memories. None had given him more than physical pleasure. None had loved him.

As Ravin went through each practiced motion of touch and movement with Sage, he increased the sex magic. His new mistress would know exquisite pleasure. If he had nothing else in his life, at least he had these few precious moments of human connection.

Too bad such feelings always evaporated.

He slipped one finger into Sage's pussy and smiled. Goddess, she was wet. He pressed against her clit and was rewarded by her low moan.

"Sage?" He nipped her earlobe. "I want you. But I cannot have you unless you say, 'Ravin, I want you to fuck me'."

For incentive, he cupped her buttocks and lifted her. The purple cloud pulsed around them, the magic filling their bodies with savage urgency. Ravin had more mental control than Sage, but he still burned with need.

Sage wrapped her legs around his waist and sunk her teeth into his shoulder, her hands fluttering down his arms like manic birds. Oh yes. That's right, little witch. Want me.

He pushed his cock against the slick folds of her cunt. "Make the wish." Wildly, she bucked and

clawed, panting and moaning. Ravin grew impatient

with her silence. He wanted to plunge into her tight cunt and fuck her until they both came. But he could not do so without her permission. He could bend the so-called rules and limitations of his curse, but he could not complete a carnal act without his mistress uttering the actual wish.

He felt the pleasurable torment of Sage's soft body writhing against his. He pushed his cock between her slickened pussy lips. What was she waiting for, damn it?

Sage leaned away from him, threw back her head, and moaned. Her legs tightened around his waist, her heels digging into his buttocks.

He thrust again, and again, and again, making sure his cock bumped her clit every time. Then he stilled.

"No!" she cried. "Don't stop!"

Instead of giving in to her frustrated pleas, he bent his head and sucked one of her berry nipples into his mouth. He laved at the tight bud, scraping his teeth across the tip.

"That feels divine," she whispered.

Smiling, Ravin paid lascivious attention to her other nipple. He tortured those succulent, sweet breasts. She tasted so good.

She felt even better.

The sex magic intensified. The cloud surrounding them deepened from light purple to deep violet. The playful tingles turned to near painful zaps. Goddess! He had to get inside her. Now.

"Sage," he begged in a ragged whisper, "say the words that will let me have you. Please!"

"I w-want you to fuck me."

Ravin positioned his cock at the entrance of her cunt, pushing just inside it. "That's good, my beautiful Sage. Very good. Do you want my cock inside your pussy?"

"Yes," she admitted in trembling voice.

"Do you want to come on my cock?" She nodded.

"Then tell me, little witch."

Breathing hard, her limbs quivering, she looked at him, her green eyes shining like wet emeralds. "I want your cock in my pussy. I want you to fuck me. And I want to come on your cock."

With a victorious cry, Ravin drove inside her. She was slick, tight and – holy hell!

Sage screamed. Clutching his shoulders, she shouted, "Stop! Please!" Ravin gritted his teeth and pushed the rest of the way inside. He gathered her into his arms and held her, allowing her time to adjust to the newness of a cock penetrating her. A virgin. He had thought her inexperienced and naïve, but... virginal? Regret arrowed through him.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't know." He pressed kisses into her hair. "Oh, Sage. I didn't mean to hurt you. Forgive me."

"I didn't tell you." She pressed her face against his chest and clung to him, seeking his reassurance, his protection. "It's not your fault."

At that moment, an emotion he thought long dead unfurled like an enemy's flag. The icy crust imprisoning his heart cracked, shattered, and fell away.

For the first time in five hundred years, he felt warmth where there had only been cold. As the sex magic vibrated around them, waiting, Ravin stroked Sage's back, nuzzling her neck, whispering reassurances. And all the while, he marveled at these new emotions.

He cared. He cared for Sage.

How is it possible? Had not Krenna destroyed his ability to give a damn about anyone? He had loved the enchantress more than anything, more than anyone. He had sacrificed everything for her.

He bore her curse for the last half millennia -- and because Sage was the first one to call him in his five-hundredth year of servitude, she would take his place. Before Krenna's treachery, he would have had neither the skill nor the stomach for trapping an innocent into such a heinous bargain.

But that was certainly no longer the case. "Should we stop?" Sage asked.

Ravin shook off his wandering thoughts. His cock felt gripped by a velvet fist. He wanted very much to finish what they had started. But even if he had not wanted to do so, it was too late. Sage had verbalized her wish.

"You have made your wish, I must grant it," he said. "I must fuck you, little witch. And I must make you come on my cock."

She looked at him, tears glittering in her eyes. "It hurts too much." "I will kiss it and make it better."

Doubt seeped into her gaze, but he only smiled. "Trust me."

Chapter 3

Sage sucked in a shuddering breath as she tried to calm herself. Pain throbbed in her vagina, though she was getting used to the full feeling of Ravin's cock inside her.

He whispered a spell; big, luxurious furs piled onto the cave floor. Slowly, Ravin withdrew from Sage, but he gently held her so that her trembling legs didn't touch the ground. He scooped her into his arms, then knelt on the furs and put her on top of them.

“Relax,” he said, drawing his fingers down her quivering thighs. “I promise you will know only pleasure.”

He whispered another spell and conjured a wet cloth. Within seconds, the blood evidence of her virginity was washed away from both of them.

One of his hands drifted up her rib cage to cup her breast. She let the tension ease from her body as she focused on his light touches. He seemed in no hurry, and with the fierce storm still howling outside the cave, it appeared they had all the time in the world.

Sage, what are you doing?

She was crazy. She had given a stranger, a cursed wizard no less, her virginity. Both of her sisters had lost their virginity with their husbands. Though younger witches weren't bound by the same rules of conduct as the eldest daughter, she had not indulged in casual sex.

No matter how much she tried to respond to Nadrin, she'd never felt enflamed at his words, his touch. Nothing he could do moved her to passion.

But Ravin had done so.

He gazed at her stiffening nipples. He brushed one peak with his fingertip. “You are beautiful.”

“Don't lie to me.” She placed her hand on his and flattened it against her breast. His fingers curved around her flesh; his palm felt warm against her aching nipple. She met his gaze steadily, though her heart raged. “I can forgive almost anything, Ravin ... except an untruth.”

“You believe that when I speak of your beauty, I am lying?”

“I know my own worth,” she said. “I don't have low self-esteem, and I don't need or want empty flattery. I know I'm too thin and too pale, small-chested, and height-challenged.”

“You have given your appearance some thought, have you?”

“I try to face reality. I feel it’s just as important to know my weaknesses as it is to know my strengths.”

“Have you considered that your body is like the supple branches of the willow tree? Your skin isn’t pale, but rather the color of morning cream. Small-chested? I think not.” He cupped her breasts. She lacked the cleavage enjoyed by her older sisters. Yet, looking at -- and feeling -- Ravin’s hands paying homage her B-cups, she didn’t exactly feel inadequate in that area.

“Well,” she said breathlessly, “what about my height?” He grinned. “That, I agree with.”

“Oh... you!” Her ire was short-lived.

He looked at her as if she were the rarest gem ever uncovered. That kind of emotion she’d never seen in Nadrin’s eyes. For the first time, she wondered if maybe the half-elf had never inspired her passion because he wasn’t truly passionate about her. She had been only a passing fancy, not his heart’s desire. Then again, was it not the same for her and Ravin? How could she feel for a stranger what she had never felt with her one and only boyfriend?

“We are in strangely wonderful circumstances,” said Ravin. “I wish I had been able to properly woo you, Sage. You deserve more than cursed wizards and carnal wishes. You deserve... love.”

All the breath left her body in one big whoosh. His words undid her knots of doubt and turned her insides to warm mush. She would know the fervor, the pleasure of lovemaking. No, not love, but still a gift she would cherish. “Do you believe that we only have lust to share?”

“No,” he said softly. “Not only lust.” His gaze returned to her breasts. His tongue swiped his lower lip, and Sage tingled all the way to her toes. She wanted his mouth on her breasts. On her stomach and thighs and... Great Goddess!

Sage had drifted along the currents of her life. Like a leaf twirling on a rushing stream, she simply went where she was taken. But this... whatever this was with Ravin,

had been a choice. Her deliberate choice.

Emotion burst, breaking through her dam of complacency. The surge left her breathing jagged and her body shaking. "Ravin..."

"Yes, my little witch. I know." He leaned forward and nipped her flesh, trailing a wet line to her breast. Teasing the taut peak with flicks of his tongue, he drew the bud into his mouth and suckled. Sage arched, moaning. His hand found her other breast, his fingers cupping and kneading, pinching the nipple until it tightened and ached in his experienced touch. Liquid heat scorched her, pooling in the center of her thighs.

Sage no longer wanted to think, to analyze, or to care about wizards, wishes, or consequences. Her body buzzed with an intense, unknown feeling.

Then Ravin slid on top of her, his arousal hard against her belly. Anxiety wound through her. Goddess, she was unnerved. Never had she'd been

fully naked with a man -- not even Nadrin. She took her lead from Ravin, pressing her hands along his back, feeling the hard contours of his muscles. Her hands stopped just shy of his buttocks.

He chuckled. His violet eyes held challenge. "I am yours, Sage. And I welcome your touch... everywhere."

She cupped his buttocks and squeezed, grinning up at him. He rewarded her bravery by covering her lips with his. His mouth courted hers fiercely. Only after he made her entire body tremble, her wet, swollen pussy evidence of her need, did Ravin release her lips.

He rose up on his elbows. "Time to keep my promise." "Promise?"

"To kiss it and make it better."

He slid down between her legs, his big hands coasting along her sides. Sage squirmed as he settled at the V of her thighs. Just what did he plan to do?

When she felt his mouth scrape her right hip, she nearly jumped out of her skin. His kisses along her lower stomach made her frantic. Surely he wasn't going to... to put his mouth there?

He breathed hotly on her pussy, and then dipped down to kiss her pubic bone. His tongue wiggled across her clitoris.

“Oh!” She nearly levitated off the cushions.

Ravinrepeated the sensual gesture. The hot breath, the wet kiss, the flickering tongue... yes, he did it again and again until she thought she would die. A sweet tension built inside, it tightened and pulsed, but refused to give way.

He parted her with gentle fingers and licked the juices pearled on her cunt. Then she felt his tongue slip inside her; he held onto her thighs and pushed his tongue in and out of her pussy. Surprisingly, it felt... good.

She clutched at his head, her fingers sifting through his long, purple hair, and lifted her hips to meet each of his tongue thrusts. One finger touched her clit, then flicked it repeatedly.

Awash in sensation, abandoning doubt to the strange feeling of being worshiped, Sage opened herself to Ravin. His hands grasped her thighs and drew her close as he licked and kissed his way to her clitoris. Pulling the nub into his mouth, he sucked it hard, flicking with his tongue.

Pleasure coiled in her pussy. “What’s... happening...”

“Let go, Sage,” he whispered against her sensitive flesh. “I want to taste you.”

She was straining, reaching for the glittering promise... then the glorious feeling rushed over, popping and sparkling like a well spoken magic spell. Sage cried out as she shattered into a thousand bright stars.

Chapter 4

Ravin kissed his way back to Sage’s lips. Her eyes were still glazed, her body still quaking. He

wanted to keep her in that state, so he wrapped the sex magic around them once again. Heat pulsed around them, weaving intricate patterns of pure want, of base need.

He took one of her coral nipples into his mouth, teasing it, sucking hard as he positioned his cock at her entrance. She gasped and wiggled, her little hands fluttering across his shoulders. He wanted to plunge into her moist heat but kept his movements slow and deliberate.

She drove him wild, distracted him from the gentle seduction he wanted to give her. When her hands curled around his buttocks, urging him toward her, he filled her tight pussy with his cock... then, though it nearly killed him, he waited for her to adjust to his size.

"Move," she whimpered. "I want that... that feeling again."

"Yes, mistress." But not yet. He rose up to his knees, wrapping an arm around her thighs and pulling her legs flush against his body.

Even as he ached to take her as furiously as the sex magic demanded, he stilled the hunger biting at him. Whispering, he created purple tendrils from the cloud enveloping them. The spell was one he had used before -- very effectively.

Thin vines wrapped around Sage's hard nipples.

"What are you doing?" Panic edged her voice. "Pleasure is my only goal," he promised. "Trust me."

Two more vines enclosed her wrists, drawing her arms above her head. Her eyes widened, but she didn't protest. Another magical strip wound around the base of his cock, and a very thin sparkle encircled Sage's clit. Gasping, she licked her lips and moaned, pushing herself against him. The magic would tighten and torture at the appropriate moments and when pain became pleasure... they would let go.

And so would Sage.

He thrust inside her, shuddering as her tight heat gripped him. Not yet. If she came on his cock, the wish would be granted. Before that happened, she needed to say the words... the words of his freedom and her imprisonment.

He would do to her what Krenna had done to him. With her exotic beauty and bedroom skills and pretty lies, she had made him say the words. My heart is yours, do

what thou wilt.

“Ravin...” Her voice held raw need. Goddess above! His sweet little witch was wet and ready. What a sensual creature she was, so eager and so beautiful.

He looked at her, capturing her gaze. He would not let her look away as he pounded into her, his strokes deep and sure. When her eyes glazed and her body tensed, he withdrew his cock.

“No!” she cried. She tried to move her arms, more than likely to grab at him and make him stay put. The tendrils would not bend or break. “Ravin!”

He looked at his cock which dripped with her juices. Smiling, he pushed her legs down, then moved up, placing his knees on either side of her stomach. The sex magic swirled around her breasts, pushing them together until a hollow was created.

“You’re not going to put that... there, are you?” She sounded more curious than concerned.

“Yes.” He inserted his cock into the tight space created by her breasts squeezed together. “I will teach you many ways to bring pleasure to your lover.”

He was past gentle seduction. The pounding he had spared her pussy, he gave to her luscious breasts. Goddess! The friction was intense. He groaned, panting harshly, and tortured himself with this pseudo-fucking. His cock was so big, the tip brushed the base of her throat, but she did not seem to mind. In fact, Sage seemed to like every aspect, so far, of lovemaking.

Damn. His orgasm was perilously close, and though he would like watch his seed splatter Sage’s pearlescent skin, he had another thought. “Will you suck my cock?”

“Yes,” she said. She was writhing against the furs, obviously close to coming. “And you will drink my come?”

She licked her lips and nodded.

Ravin stopped his thrusts and pushed his thick head against her lips. She opened her mouth wide and he slid inside. His beautiful Sage was a fast learner. She swirled her tongue around his cock and sucked it fiercely.

He could not hold on... his control broke. He pushed his cock inside as far as he could, and she clamped her lips around it. He jerked once, twice... and filled her mouth with his hot come. After she drank him dry, he moved to the side and stroked her lips. "Very good, Sage. And now..."

With one utterance, all the magical bands dissipated.

"Oh!" Sage cupped her pussy, her hips arching, as she experienced another orgasm.

A long moment later, she sank to the furs and looked at him. "Thank you." Touched by her gratitude, and guilty because he did not deserve it, Ravin smiled.

"I am happy to give you pleasure."

"Are you?"

"Yes," he said, because it was true. "I have not enjoyed sex this much --" "In a hundred years?" She grinned, then shyly touched his thigh. "Why were you cursed into the locket?"

"Because I loved the wrong woman." He lay on his side next to her and made patterns on her stomach.

"What would happen if you loved the right woman?" Startled, he looked at her. She glanced down, then apparently gathered her courage to look at him once more. "I-I don't mean me, of course. I'm just the lucky girl who found the locket."

Here was his chance. Sage was a sweet girl. She may not fancy herself in love with him, but there was no doubt she was enamored of him. It was only natural that she would find him intriguing... he was the first man to give her pleasure, the one who had taken a gift she could never give again.

Regret settled heavily in his gut. If only things were different... if only the curse did not require another soul to take on the next 500 years of sexual servitude.

“Ah. There is a way to break the curse.” She turned onto her side and stroked his hair. “Is that why you didn’t grant the wish yet?”

His brows rose. She did not miss much, did she? This was the moment he had been waiting for. He would give her the words, and after he completed the wish she would say them...

Why did his throat suddenly knot? Why did his stomach churn? He studied her face -- so expressive, hiding nothing, and her eyes, so guileless. Had he been that way with Krenna? Had she looked at him and known he would do anything for a single crumb of her affection? When he had found the locket and she had appeared to him, he had given her his wish. And she found a way, day after day, to not grant it. Not until he was so in love with her, he promised to say the words. And when he did...

“I have condemned you to five hundred years as a sex slave.”

“What?” Even as she confessed her sins, he felt the strange tingling -- it had been the locket connecting to his soul as it freed Krenna’s.

“The locket, you fool. It is the curse of love, the curse of the damned locket. Your curse now.”

“Krenna, no! What have you done?”

“My lover tricked me, Ravin... and now, I have tricked you. How can love turn to something so cruel, so awful?” She looked at the gold locket and shook her head. “The first one to call you after five hundred years have passed will take your place in the locket, but only if your lover will say the same words that fell from your delicious lips. If not... the curse is yours forever.”

So, that was the deal. Either he lived with the guilt of cursing an innocent soul or he stayed a sex slave for all eternity.

Chapter 5

“Ravin?”

Sage’s gentle voice drew him from the past to the present. He traced her jaw, tickling her earlobe.

“Tell me,” said Sage. “What must I do?”

“After I complete the wish, you must look me in the eyes and say, ‘My heart is yours, do what thou wilt.’ ”

“That’s all?” She considered him, as if weighing his worth. Her smile was glorious. “I understand, Ravin . I’ll say the words.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes. I am sure about you.”

He frowned. What was she talking about? Never mind. He didn’t want to think about what he was about to do. He would be free, but at what price?

Ravinstared at her so long, and worse, attempted no other seduction, that Sage decided she’d been the submissive participant long enough. She pushed his shoulders and rolled on top of him.

Not only was he handsome, he was built. Muscles on his muscles, as her sister Ginger would say. She nibbled the line of his jaw and pressed her naked body against his. Her budding nipples rasped against his chest.

With a sigh, he pulled her closer, his hand finding the soft curve of her hip. His thumb traced the contour, then he cupped her buttock. Her restless hands trailed his chest, her palms rubbing his nipples. She draped a leg over his and arched back to show him her breasts.

He took the sweet bounty she offered and kissed their undersides before sliding his tongue around her puckered nipples. She pushed the slick folds of her pussy on his half-hard cock. She felt it twitch.

“Touch me, Ravin,” she said.

One hand clenched her buttock, but the other slipped between their bodies and stroked her clit. He drew a nipple into his mouth and suckled. Hot pleasure ignited everywhere he touched, he kissed. Nadrin had been wrong about her. She’d been wrong about herself. She wasn’t cold.

She had only been waiting for the right man.

Sage tolerated the sweet torture of his mouth on her breasts, then she pulled away and took his lips in a long, slow kiss.

His cock responded to what she knew was a clumsy seduction. Though she felt a little sore, her pussy was already quickening, already wet enough to take him. Yet these feelings enrapturing her were more than just lust. What she felt was not hands and mouths and movement. What she felt was more pure, more soulful than mere physical attraction.

Though Ravin was surely hiding information from her, such as what the curse might do to her should she utter those fateful words, she knew, somehow, that all would be well. What the Goddess wills, so mote it be.

The purple haze enveloped them once again, and Sage realized Ravin was calling on the sex magic. In the books about love and lust and everything in-between, her sisters had read about the physical nature of sex -- in ways that Ravin would be surprised she even knew about. She’d learned a little about sex magic, but it was a difficult power to wield. She wondered if Ravin had developed the skills on his own or if the sex magic was part of the locket’s curse.

“Are you ready?” he asked.

“Yes.”

He rolled her onto her back and entered her swiftly. He gave her no time to prepare or to change her mind. His desperation seeped through the heat of the magic, which pulled at them like multiple hands and mouths. Every inch of her felt on fire, tingling and sparking until all she felt, all she knew was Ravin .

He pumped into her hard and fast, and she wrapped her legs around him and met his every frantic stroke. Her hands were everywhere -- his thighs, buttocks, back, shoulders -- sweeping across the bulging muscles in the arms that held her, cupping the square jaw, trailing the strong cords in his neck.

“Sage,” he whispered in a tone reserved for worshiping the Goddess. His fierce possession took her breath away and passion built, a flame that threatened to burn her into ash. She clawed at his back, her hips meeting his as he fucked her. “Yes! Oh, Ravin !”

A low moan caught in her throat. Ooooh! The bloom of pleasure burst and she soared into the intensity of it, loving how she felt but loving Ravin more. “Damn it,” he cried. He stiffened, his tortured gaze on hers, and she felt the trembling of his cock and jetting heat of his come fill her pussy.

“Ravin,” she whispered. “My heart is yours, do --”

Ravin covered her mouth, his heart raging in his chest. Holy Goddess! “No, Sage. Do not!” She looked at him, her green eyes filled with confusion. “Promise not to say the words.”

She nodded and he took his hand away. He stroked her hair back from her face. They were sweaty and sticky, and neither seemed prone to parting. It would be the last time ever they could hold each other, see each other.

“What will happen?” she asked.

“I will return to the locket and it will disappear. Who knows where it will hide next?”

“You were going to curse me?” Her gaze was soft with understanding. Suddenly, he realized she had guessed at his game. And yet she was still going

to say the words. Why the hell would she make such a sacrifice for him?

“I will not do what was done to me.” He kissed her forehead, wishing forlornly that he could stay with her. How wonderful it would be to live with and only love Sage. “Nothing can be done?”

“Only the soul of the first one to call me in the five-hundredth year can be traded.”

“Then let --”

He shook his head. “I would rather spend my eternity as a sex slave, my little witch, than allow you to serve a single day. If I could give my heart to anyone, it would be to you.”

“Then know that you have my heart, too.”

The familiar tingling sensation vibrated in his body. “Goodbye,” he said as he kissed Sage one last time.

Then he knew only darkness.

Chapter 6

Ravin awoke feeling more miserable than he ever had -- even on the day Krenna had tricked him. He looked around and frowned. He appeared to be in a cave, and on a pile of furs. What the -

“You’re awake.” Sage ducked into the cave carrying a basket of herbs and a black robe. She was dressed in the blue frock he’d first seen her in. Confusion roiled through him. He sat up, unable to articulate his emotions. Stunned, he stared at her.

She laughed, putting down the basket, and placing the robe near him. "I'm not a ghost."

"But the curse..."

"You broke the curse, Ravin, when you sacrificed your freedom for mine." She sat next to him and cupped his face. "I hope the robe fits. My sisters were visiting the cottage, and I had to make them pinky swear not to follow me. They're dying to meet you."

"Meet me?" He drew her into his lap and touched her face, her hair, her shoulders. She was here and so was he. I'm free! "What about the locket?"

She withdrew a gold chain from underneath her top. For Love was still emblazoned on the gold heart. Opening the locket, he saw two heart-shaped pictures, his on the left and hers on the right.

She nibbled her lip. "Do you want to meet my family? I don't want to assume that you want... well, just because the locket has our pictures..." She huffed out a breath. "You have choices. You're free. I would never bind you to any kind of --"

"I love you, Sage."

Relief shone in her gaze. She smiled and wrapped her arms around his neck. "I love you, too." She pushed at his massive shoulders until they both fell onto the furs. "Let me show you..."

She cupped his face, nibbling on his bottom lip before shyly kissing him. He drew her tongue into his mouth and stroked her ribcage, letting the pleasure build slowly, sweetly.

Her small hands fluttered around his shoulders as if unsure where to land. He clasped them and pushed her against the furs. He traced her hairline, delving into her thick locks, which were as black and as soft as a raven's wing. He leaned forward to nuzzle her neck, inhaling her scent. Ah, she even smelled like raspberries.

Stretching like a lithe cat, she wound her arms around his neck. "Make love to me."

"As you wish." He slid one hand under her dress. Bless the Goddess! She hadn't put on a bra. He

cupped her breast, his fingertips gliding over the hardening nipple. His breath shallowed with excitement. "Let me see you."

She sat up and took off the dress. He grinned. No panties, either. The deep coral of her areolas and the dusty tips of her nipples beckoned him.

Grasping one breast, he leaned forward and swirled his tongue around the nipple, teasing it until Sage's soft moans begged him for more. Then he took the taut peak into his mouth and suckled.

She cried out, shoved her hands into his hair, and pressed him closer. He moved to her other breast, tasting the areola. Then he clamped her nipple and

suckled it with the same intensity he had devoted to the other.

She touched him everywhere, her hands gliding down to knead his ass. As they touched and kissed and stroked, the heat between them built as engulfing and as hot as a bonfire.

Ravin rolled on top of Sage and nestled his hard cock against the swollen flesh of her pussy. He shuddered with desire, stalling the deep need to ravish her, to show her right now how much she meant to him.

She grabbed his hips and writhed against him, her strokes short, frantic, and torturous. She bucked against him, her hands fisting against his buttocks. Lust jolted through him. He didn't need the sex magic with Sage. She was all the sex magic he

would ever need.

Sitting up between her legs, he picked up her leg and placed it on his shoulder; his hand coasted over her calf and down her thigh. He placed her other leg between his knees, then pulled her close. His cock teased the edge of her pussy.

Her green eyes were glazed with desire. She examined this new position, then glanced up at him. "This isn't going to work." Her voice was too breathy to be convincing.

He smiled at her, his heart thumping. She had freed him. Her risk had been great, but her belief that he would do the right thing had been greater. She was a gift... one he didn't deserve. But he would happily spend his lifetime earning her love, earning her trust.

"Ravin..."

Her hand traveled to the nest of dark curls, and he sucked in a breath as he watched one slim finger stroke her clit. Beautiful and curious and willing and... hot. Groaning, he slid inside her welcoming cunt. Oh, she was a fast learner, all right. Her pussy muscles clutched his cock. Hercunt felt different at this angle, and the strange tightness turned him on.

Looking down at her finger stroking her clit, he sucked in a steadying breath. So beautiful. He slowly withdrew, stopping when her vagina covered only the head of his

penis. He gritted his teeth against the nearly intolerable sensation... then he pushed inside her again and shivered.

Her moans were low, breathy, and dangerous to his self-control. She moved, urging him to take her, harder and faster.

Goddess! Ravin sheathed himself inside her wet heat until his balls were pressed against her ass. Then he looked down again to watch her fingers work against her clit, her cunt so juicy, her cream slicked his cock.

No more waiting. He plunged into her cunt and watched his cock penetrate her vagina. Harder. Faster. Until pleasure sparked deep in his balls, pressing upward...

"Ravin!"

He watched her face tighten, her mouth open in a silent cry as the orgasm overtook her.

He came hard, jerking inside her wet, tight pussy until his seed was spent. Ravin lowered her leg, bent down and placed a kiss on her clit, then crawled next

to her. He pushed away the strands of damp hair clinging to her neck. He kissed her collarbone, the underside of her jaw, then the sweet softness of her lips.

She smiled against his mouth and he lifted to see her expression. The love in her gaze took away his breath.

She placed her hand against his chest where his heart beat. "You are my heart," she whispered.

He smiled. "And you are mine."